**Language Arts Reflection** [](javascript:edit(24923))

**Writing… It’s in everything we see every single day! You see writing in books, on cereal boxes, billboards, store signs, information sheets, directions, schedules, road signs, food labels, and a whole lot more! It takes time and practice to be an amazing author. Writing can calm someone who is angry or just bring pleasure to someone. Without writing, people would not know about all the wonderful authors like J.K Rowling, Carl Hiaasen, Wendy Mass, Roald Dahl, or Pam Muñoz Ryan. Even Shakespeare and Charles Dickens would be unknown to people of our time and just a name to people in their times. Writing is entertaining and fun because you get to express your feelings and use your imagination. In fact, writing is as fun as going to a carnival!**

**I know for sure I enjoy writing and I will be doing it for the rest of my life. Writer’s Workshop has been so much fun for me this year. This year we have worked on a personal narrative, fiction piece, and a non- narrative piece. Out of all those, my absolute favorite was my personal narrative. It was important to me because it was about one of my first horse riding lessons and I learned what to do in a situation that makes you fall off the horse. The tip I got from what happened really helped me to become the rider I am today. I knew I had to generate a small clear topic that had to go from small moment to small moment to small moment instead of just writing one big “watermelon” moment. I really wanted my audience to have a movie in their mind.**

**This year, I think I have really improved as a writer. I can write longer stories that in my opinion, grab the reader’s attention! Writing skills that I think I did well on in this piece was staying on topic, going small moment to small moment, and I think I had great details and word choice. I do have some areas I could work on though. Skills I think I need to improve on are sentence variety and getting to the end a little bit faster. I tend to expand my story for what seems like forever instead of finishing it when it is a good time.**

[**http://www.clker.com/clipart-24923.html**](http://www.clker.com/clipart-24923.html) **- Notepad**

**Here is my personal narrative-**

**I waited anxiously in the barn at my first horseback riding lesson. My Aunt Patty, who is my instructor, was tacking up the horse named Rufus. My mind started to drift off to its own little paradise and soon I had no clue what was happening in the real world, but I soon snapped out of it when I heard a *clunk* which was Rufus’ hoof hitting the ground after my aunt cleaned it.**

**“Okay, kiddo. Are you ready?” my aunt asked. I nervously nodded.**

**“Alright, then get your skid lid on,” she said sliding the reins off the horse’s neck, pulling them over his big fat head and holding them in her hands.**

**I didn’t understand what she meant at first by “put on your skid lid” but I soon realized she meant to put on my helmet. I plopped my helmet on my head and stood there watching her show me how to properly hold the reins in my hand. I held the reins in each hand (the proper way that my aunt showed me) and I walked forward trying to pull Rufus towards the ring. There was one little problem though. He wouldn’t budge. I pulled harder. I pulled even harder and I slipped on my feet as I tried to walk forward. I closed my eyes tightly and wrinkled my nose trying my hardest to get this huge animal on the go. He reluctantly picked up his hoof and started to move. I toppled over when he moved because I was pulling so hard.**

**Once I got back on my feet I started towards the ring. When I got outside I could feel the cool summer breeze against my face. I walked him to the ring and stopped him in front of the mounting block. I breathed in the cool air and climbed on top of him while my aunt made sure he stood in place. Making sure I had the stirrups on right, I looked down and noticed how high off the ground I was. I shivered at the sight.**

**When I looked back up my Aunt Patty was still standing in front of Rufus and said “You have to kick him to go. Don’t worry; you won’t hurt him considering he’s about 1,000 pounds.”**

**I nodded and said “okay” so quietly I could barely hear myself. After a couple of seconds of walking the horse, the rhythm of him moving made all my excitement wear down to nothing like rocks eroding and wearing down.**

**“Do you know how to steer?” my Aunt Patty wondered.**

**“Yes,” came my faint reply.**

**“Okay, good.” she paused and thought for a moment deciding what she would have me do. I stopped the horse and watched as she chose my new quest.**

**“Oh, I know, steer him around those logs,” she yelled from across the ring. I stretched in my seat to see over the horse’s big head. There were the white logs, sitting there in the sand.**

**I started to steer him around them and for a brief second, I felt like I was on the top of the world and then I hit rock bottom. I had fallen off Rufus because he started to trot. I saw my aunt and my dad rush to me.**

**“Oh my gosh, Ally are you okay?” my dad asked worriedly. I nodded with tears streaming down my face. I held my chest, unable to breathe because the wind got knocked out of me. My aunt helped me up and I took Rufus’ reins. I looked in his eyes and they seemed to say “I’m so sorry!” but I had already forgiven him. I took him back to the mounting block and climbed on top of him again.**

**“You’re one tough cookie! I’ve got an idea that you’ll be a good rider one day,” my aunt commented. I smiled underneath the tears and walked Rufus on.**

**“I know,” I whispered to myself, smiling.**

**I waited anxiously in the barn at my first horseback riding lesson. My Aunt Patty, who is my instructor, was tacking up the horse named Rufus. My mind started to drift off to its own little paradise and soon I had no clue what was happening in the real world, but I soon snapped out of it when I heard a *clunk* which was Rufus’ hoof hitting the ground after my aunt cleaned it.**

**“Okay, kiddo. Are you ready?” my aunt asked. I nervously nodded.**

**“Alright, then get your skid lid on,” she said sliding the reins off the horse’s neck, pulling them over his big fat head and holding them in her hands.**

**I didn’t understand what she meant at first by “put on your skid lid” but I soon realized she meant to put on my helmet. I plopped my helmet on my head and stood there watching her show me how to properly hold the reins in my hand. I held the reins in each hand (the proper way that my aunt showed me) and I walked forward trying to pull Rufus towards the ring. There was one little problem though. He wouldn’t budge. I pulled harder. I pulled even harder and I slipped on my feet as I tried to walk forward. I closed my eyes tightly and wrinkled my nose trying my hardest to get this huge animal on the go. He reluctantly picked up his hoof and started to move. I toppled over when he moved because I was pulling so hard.**

**Once I got back on my feet I started towards the ring. When I got outside I could feel the cool summer breeze against my face. I walked him to the ring and stopped him in front of the mounting block. I breathed in the cool air and climbed on top of him while my aunt made sure he stood in place. Making sure I had the stirrups on right, I looked down and noticed how high off the ground I was. I shivered at the sight.**

**When I looked back up my Aunt Patty was still standing in front of Rufus and said “You have to kick him to go. Don’t worry; you won’t hurt him considering he’s about 1,000 pounds.”**

**I nodded and said “okay” so quietly I could barely hear myself. After a couple of seconds of walking the horse, the rhythm of him moving made all my excitement wear down.**

**“Do you know how to steer?” my Aunt Patty wondered.**

**“Yes,” came my faint reply.**

**“Okay, good.” she paused and thought for a moment deciding what she would have me do. I stopped the horse and watched as she chose my new quest.**

**“Oh, I know, steer him around those logs,” she yelled from across the ring. I stretched in my seat to see over the horse’s big head. There were the white logs, sitting there in the sand.**

**I started to steer him around them and for a brief second, I felt like I was on the top of the world and then I hit rock bottom. Down, down I went. I screamed for the brief seconds before I hit the ground. I had fallen off Rufus because he started to trot. I saw my aunt and my dad rush to me.**

**“Oh my gosh, Ally are you okay?” my dad asked worriedly. I nodded with tears streaming down my face. I held my chest, unable to breathe because the wind got knocked out of me. My aunt helped me up and I took Rufus’ reins. I looked in his eyes and they seemed to say “I’m so sorry!” but I knew it wasn’t his fault. I took him back to the mounting block and climbed on top of him again.**

**“You’re one tough cookie! I’ve got an idea that you’ll be a good rider one day,” my aunt commented. I smiled underneath the tears and walked Rufus on.**

**“I know,” I whispered to myself, smiling.**